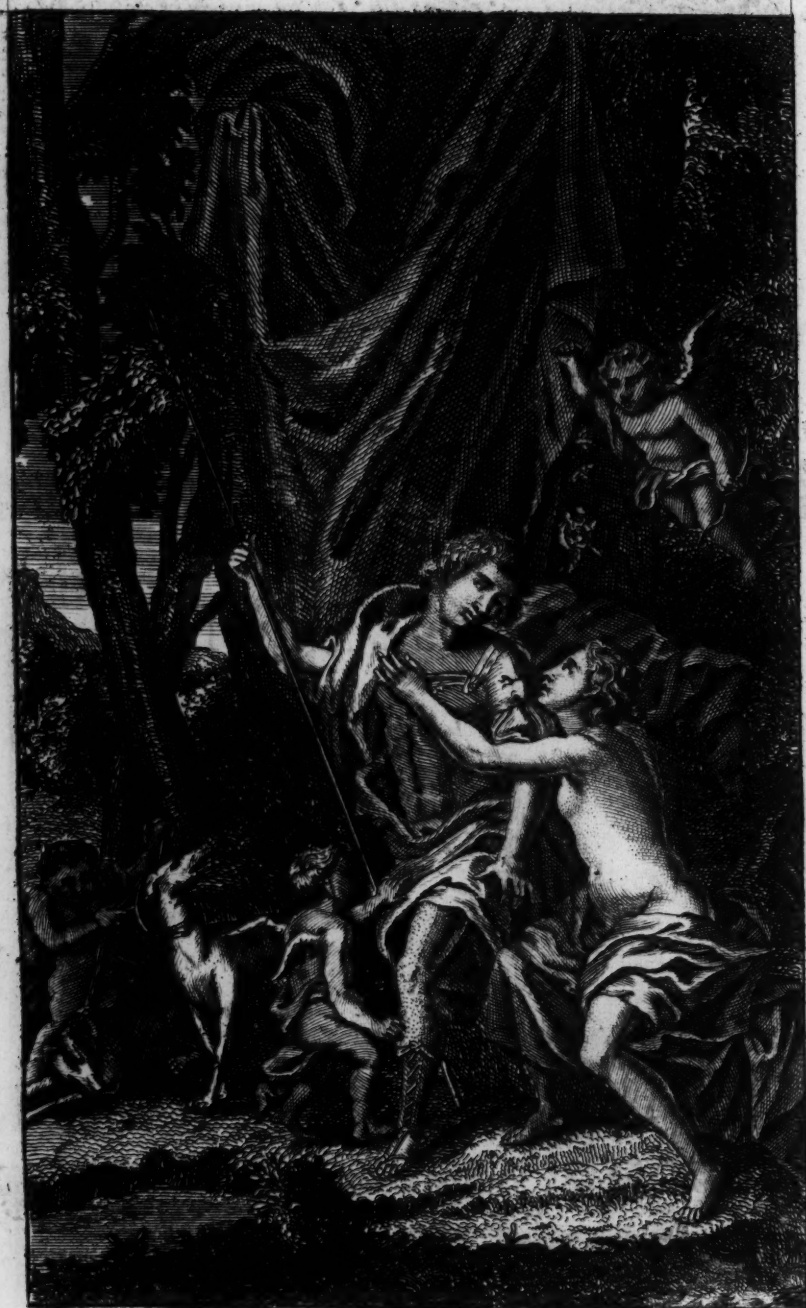




VENUS & ADONIS.

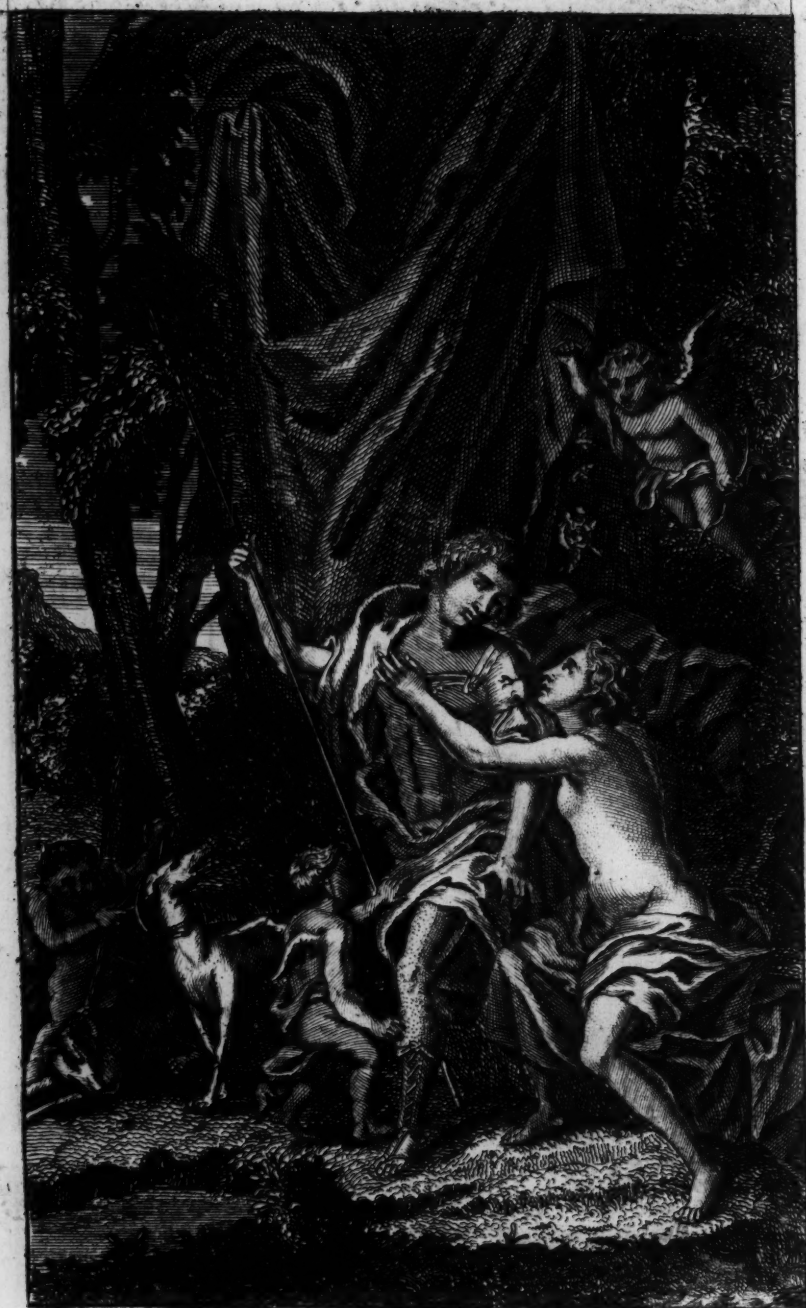
P

N

AT
O

Som

Print
ag



VENUS & ADONIS.

P

N

AT
O

Som

Print
ag

THE
PLEASURES
OF
COITION;
OR THE
Nightly Sports of VENUS:
A
POEM.

BEING
A Translation of the *Pervigilium Veneris*,
of the Celebrated BONEFONIUS,
With some other LOVE-PIECES.

Amor omnia Vincit.

The SECOND EDITION.

To which is Prefix'd,
Some Account of the LIFE and WRITINGS
of BONEFONIUS.

LONDON,
Printed for E. CURLL at the *Dial* and *Bible* over
against *Catherine-street* in the *Strand*. M.DCC.XXI.

THE
PLEASURES
OF
COLTIVATION

OR THE
NIGHTS OF VENUS

P O E M

A TRANSLATION OF THE FRENCH
OF THE COLTIVATION

OF THE GARDEN

BY M. DE LA FAYE

THE AUTHOR OF THE

ART OF PLANTING

AND THE ART OF

PLANTING

IN THE GARDEN

AND THE ART OF

PLANTING

A



Lien

H

Latin

the

RIS

whic

the

* J
scribi



SOME
ACCOUNT
OF
BONEFONIUS.

JOHN BONEFON *was born at Clermont in Auvergne, and after having been elected Advocate of the Parliament of Paris, he was made Lieutenant-General of Bar upon the Seine.*

*HE acquired a great Reputation by his Latin Poems, which he published at Paris in the Year 1587. under the Title of PANCHARIS *. The most considerable Piece among which, is, the Pervigilium Veneris; most of the others being Epigrams, or Love-Billets,*

* JOANNIS BONEFONII *Arverni* Basiorum Liber, qui inscribitur PANCHARIS.

addressed to his MISTRESS; and Monsieur MESNAGE has pointed out to us the 2d and 22d as the most remarkable.

BONEFONIUS has a particular Softness in his Versifying; but the redundant Identity of Thought, would disgust every Palate but Her's whom he intends to court; and Tautology there, is a Beauty.

SOME of his Countrymen are so partial, that they are not only content to place him upon a Level with, but to assert that he excels the Classick Writers of Love-Elegy: Tho, to be more just to him, and give him his true Character (and which I think is no small Elogium) upon the strictest Scrutiny, his Love-Pieces will be found to have a peculiar Tenderness in them, to close with an agreeable Turn, and to be very happy Imitations of that polite Roman CATULLUS, whose Diction and Manner he seems every where to be most ambitious of following.

TO conclude, That celebrated Critick Monsieur RAPIN, in his Reflections upon Poetry, gives it as his Opinion, " That nothing has been written either in Latin or French, in these latter Ages, that has so much Delicacy, as the Performances of BONEFONIUS."

PER-



PERVIGILIUM
VENERIS.

O Nox suavicula ! ó bonæ Tenebræ ! &c.

I.



Pleasing, pleasing Shades of Night,
Darkness with luckiest Omens
crown'd ;

Darkness (more clear to me than Light)

Which overspreads the World around :

Conduct of that bright *Fair* for whom I burn,
With whom my Life, my Soul, and all its Joys
return.

II.

II.

Come, beauteous CLOE, to my Arms,
Come, pretty *Turtle*, softest *Dove* ;
Rush to my Soul, with all thy Charms :
I'll gratify the *Queen of Love*.
Long have I stay'd, but crown'd with glad
Success,
I'll grasp, with twining Arms, the wish'd-for
coming Bliss.

III.

Ah ! cruel and relentless *Fair* !
Can you sit thus my Love disdaining ?
Whilst here I languish in Despair,
Of your unkind Delays complaining ?
Come, let me from your Lips that Honey taste,
And from your Mouth draw in, that purest,
sweetest Blast.

IV.

IV.

Why can't we join such balmy Kisses,
 Whose Pleasure will not soon expire?
 Can you thus mock my fond Addresses,
 Bright Flame ! that sett'ft my Soul on Fire?
 Why can't that Boon at my Request be given,
 Which you in private beg from all the Powers
 of Heaven.

V.

But tho' Love's Flames within you lie,
 Tho' He reigns Monarch of your Heart ;
 With artful Coyness you deny
 That Prize, with which you'd gladly part ;
 And seem (if *Man* to *Woman's Looks* may
 trust)
 To shun the *soft Delight*, and spurn at *wanton*
Lust.

VI.

I beg, by all your Native Charms,
 That sparkling, wanton, shining Eye,
 Which ev'ry Pow'r of Man alarms ;
 Those Cheeks of purest Crimſon Dye ;
 Thoſe Locks which waving fan that beau-
 teous Face,
 Diſpenſing, as they flow, more than an artful
 Grace.

VII.

That Boſom, which ſo Fair excels ;
 Thoſe Breasts, than Snow more ſoft and white ;
 Whoſe new-born Roundneſs heaves and ſwells,
 And captives Mortals with the Sight :
 By thoſe Twin-Jewels bright I Thee implore,
 Extinguiſh all my Flames, my Dying Powers
 reſtore.

VIII.

(II)

VIII.

Ah! faithless Charmer! must I lie
Scorching in these uncommon Flames,
Unless one Look from that bright Eye,
My Soul, and all its Powers reclaims?
Come, *Cupid*; come, auspicious *Queen of*
Love,
Appease the rigid *Fair*, and these my Cares re-
move.

IX.

Deep from my Soul I sent these Sighs,
And Prayers to the great Powers above;
I pierc'd the Clouds with mournful Cries,
Which reach'd at last the Throne of *Jove*:
Lo! *Cloe* yields; the raging Tempests cease,
Which labour'd in her Breast, and all her Soul is
Peace.

X.

Her Looks grow quiet and serene,
Her Virgin-Modesty appears
In her fair Face ; hail, brightest Scene !
Hence fly my vain deluding Fears !
Now pearly Drops steal gently down her
Cheeks,
From Chastity they flow, and thus her Silence
breaks.

XI.

Cloe to your Embraces flies,
With mutual Fire she burns for you ;
With your Addresses she complies,
And will by Turns the Bliss renew :
Modestly bold she comes with every Power,
The Prize I sweetly grasp'd, and bless'd the
smiling Hour.

XII.

XII.

Whilst now in Bed compos'd she lies,
 My Fires with Force redoubled creep
 To that dear Flame that gave 'em Rise,
 Like Rivers to their Parent Deep.
 Prostrate I traverse o'er her Form Divine,
 Embracing ev'ry Part where nameless Graces
 shine.

XIII.

Our Legs in *Cupid's* Fetters lock'd,
 Our Lips, like Birdlime, sticking fast,
 Our Limbs by grateful *Venus* yolk'd,
 Round her white Neck my Arms I cast;
 Fix'd on her panting Breasts, like Glew, I
 dwell,
 And closely, gently press, the *Part* I like so
 well.

XIV.

XIV.

Now to those Groves I wing my way,
 Where sports the Golden *Cyprian Queen*;
 To *Cupid's* Gardens thence I stray,
 Gardens with Spring eternal Green :
 Where, pleas'd, I crop the Purple-blushing
Rose,
 And 'midst a thousand Sweets my drooping Head
 repose.

XV.

Kisses too fragrant I enjoy,
 O that the Pleasure would but last !
 Fruits, too delicious, soonest cloy,
 I envy when I lose my Taste.
 Whilst thus we knit in *Cupid's* closest Ties,
 Soul intermixing Soul in pleas'd Confusion dies.

.VIX

XVI.

XVI.

Witness the Sports of mutual Love,
Thou Bed of Gold whereon we lie;
Thou Watch-light, which dost faithful prove,
How much the *Night* can *Day* outvie:
Whilst we close join'd in these sweet binding
Chains,
The Heat of fervent Love diffuse through all
our Veins.

XVII.

Thus while the *genial Liquor* flowing,
Bedews our inward languid Limbs;
Our Lips, with mutual Kisses glowing,
To its full height each Pleasure climbs:
Our Tongues, to taste each other's Sweetness
meet;
Each winking, sparkling Eye, declares each
gen'rous Heat.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Now, ye superiour Powers, blest'd,
From Envy free enjoy your State;
Foe, of thy Thunder live possess'd,
Since I'm as Happy, and as Great:
Let me this little Empire long retain,
Ye Gods! your Heavens keep; Monarchs! un-
envy'd reign.

XIX.

Thus sporting in Love's pleasing Motion,
My *Cloe's* dewy Lips I press,
Which flow with Nectar; Divine Potion!
Height'ning the Gust of ev'ry Kiss.
Now in her tender Arms I die away,
And swim in her bright Eyes, Rivals of clearest
Day.

XX.

XX.

Now, with the Bracelets of her Hair

I play, where Curls delightful flow ;

I kiss her Breasts, divinely fair !

Which, heaving in her Bosom, glow ;

Whiter than which, the Queen of soft Desires
Boasts not ; they feed my Soul, and nourish all
its Fires.

XXI.

Sometimes I kiss her snowy Neck,

In Raptures rove from Grace to Grace ;

Then gently mark her Rosy Cheek,

At last her Thighs I freely trace ;

Thighs smooth as Marble, white as Snows
that fall,

Where *Cupid* Sentry stands, to guard his Mo-
ther's *All*.

XXII.

With thousand wanton Kiffes sporting,
 Like pretty Turtles in the Groves
 Paring their Mates ; while Joy transporting
 Their Souls, they coo their little Loves ;
 Each strives with generous Passion to outvie :
 Each strives to mark our Love, till mutually we
 die.

XXIII.

Then with the Breath of purest Air,
 From Mouths half-open, we transfuse
 Our wand'ring Souls, till, tir'd with War,
 A gentle Sweat our Limbs bedews :
 Panting, we long engag'd ; but, at the last,
 Love flags, our Spirits droop, the *happy Mo-*
ment's past.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Thus, Pleasure's Fountain once exhausted,
 From which the vital Marrow flow'd ;
 That Heart, whose Courage oft I boasted,
 Now trembling sinks beneath its Load.
 And Sleep, that Death-like Form, kind Re-
 fuge brings;
 But on those Breasts I Die, from whence new
 Vigour springs.

XXV.

Scarce had one short-liv'd Hour revolv'd,
 She wanton jogs me, War revoking,
 Tickles me, on her Point resolv'd,
 Tempts me with Kisses all provoking ;
 My Lips she presses with a gentle Bite,
 Fawning with Female Arts, which sure to Arms
 invite.

XXVI.

My Dear, says she, can you lie dead,
 Idle, and lost in Mists of Sleep?
 At which I raise my drowsy Head,
 And quick to *Cupid's* Arms I leap :
 But finding the chief Spring of Nature dry,
 The Arts of War I search, new Vigour to supply.

XXVII.

At first I Hand in Hand engag'd ;
 Then at a Distance *threw a Dart* ;
 Last a *full Push* I made, enrag'd,
 Which pleasing, pierc'd her vital Part,
 Each answers ev'ry Stroke, their Part each
 play,
 We boldly act, and all Love's Duties bravely
 pay.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Our Souls their former Joys renew,
 We raise new Sport and wanton Jestings;
 Our Eyes each other's Charms review,
 In ev'ry Form of Love contesting :
 At last our Bodies, warm'd with mutual Fire,
 To prove each other's Aid, to join in One con-
 spire.

XXIX.

Now ye propitious Shades of Night,
 To you ten thousand times Adieu !
 Attendants on that *great Delight*,
 Which Gods would envy if they knew.
 A Night so pleasant *Juno* can't bestow,
 Nor could the *Queen of Love*, with *Mars*, a bet-
 ter know.

XXX.

XXX.

Once more adieu, ye pleasing Hours,
Which I, with thousand Charms surrounded,
With *Cloe* spent ; whilst all Love's Powers
With thousand wanton Tricks abounded :
Whilst we, by Turns, each other's Beauty
 prais'd,
And from each View, new Wonder, and Amaze-
 ment rais'd.

XXXI.

We greeted, murmur'd, whisper'd, sigh'd,
Check'd, to provoke again to Pleasure :
We warr'd, with tickling Laughter, Dy'd,
But we could Live again at leisure.
We bill'd, like cooing Doves, sweet Wounds
 we gave,
By Turns we *Liv'd*, we *Dy'd*, each other's *Life*
 to *Save*.



O D E
T O
MELANCHOLY.

I.

FIRST-BORN of *Erebus*, and gloomy Care,
Prime Minion of black Night,

Unhappy Lover's Choice, and sole Delight,
And elder Brother to Despair :

To thee, O sacred Melancholy, 'tis we owe

Whate'er we fondly think the Muses can bestow.

From

From Thee, retir'd

In peaceful Shade,

In Learning, Man his mighty Progress made ;

From thee arose all Arts,

And Man, unthankful Man! from thee acquir'd

His Philosophick Skill in Nature's darker Parts.

II.

When Crimson Villanies the Laws provoke,

And th' Orator delays

The Sword, and with his Oily Speeches stays

Th' uplifted Hand, and ready Stroke ;

Thee first the Midwife of his lab'ring Brain he
makes,

What *Embryo* of Rhetorick Thou giv'st, he takes;

Then quickly flies,

Where Crowds prepare

The wond'rous Power of Eloquence to hear.

Silent

Silent as Mid-night Dream,
Fondly they hug themselves in glad Surprise,
Whilst he expatiates, they suck in the ample
Theme.

III.

When haughty *Coquetilla's* piercing Eyes,
A heedless Lover tame ;
If her Disdain refuse to meet his Flame,
To Thee, his last Support, he flies.
Thou his uneasy Thoughts canst lull and regulate,
From Thee he learns Insensibility of Fate.

On nought intent,
At length he grows
Forgetful of the Source of all his Woes :
Whilst slowly from each Part,
With heavy Pace moves vital Nutriment,
And, grown coagulated, stagnates at the Heart.

IV.

The Spark, whose Noddle's totty of the Must,
Whose quiv'ring Members shake
With Night's Debauch, of Thee Complaint
does make,

With Querimony most unjust :
When vapid Phlegm of crude and undigested Wine
His Soul oppresses, He, wrong, thinks th' Effect is
Thine.

When Phantoms play
About his Eyes,
And his dull Fancy sees strange Spectres rise ;
'Tis then the ample Bowl,
Abus'd by Night, more strongly rules next
Day,

The Spirits leadens, and deludes the erring Soul.

V.

The Soul thy sober Calmness elevates,

With soft Amusements bears

Above the Earth's false Hopes, or needless

Fears ;

And all that's Dull evaporates.

The soaring Mind, with greedy Wing, oft flies

on high,

And boldly scales the upper Region of the Sky.

Thus leaving Earth,

It ne'er admits

The World's fond Madness, nor its foolish Fits ;

But with itself content,

With Scorn it eyes vain Laughter and false

Mirth,

And the inherent Folly to which Man is bent.

VI.

O! who, that weighs thy truly solid Joys,
 Would covet to repeat
 Those wand'ring Pleasures which on Earth we
 meet,
 Or change true Gems for trifling Toys?
 Mirth's but a laughing Dream, an in-harmonious
 Tune
 Play'd on the Muscles, quick begun, and ended
 soon,
 He, who loves Thee,
 May quickly find
 What diff'rent Ends both meet upon the Mind:
 When we our Thoughts employ,
 Th'immediate Consequence of both we see,
 Gladness comes after *Grief*, and Sorrow follows
Joy.



ODE to IRIS.

CEASE to demand the Cause, why I

Am late so pensive grown;

'Twere fitter, IRIS, I should Die,

Than make the Reason known.

And yet my Tongue can scarce forbear

To utter my Complaint,

Whilst ev'ry silent dropping Tear

Still adds to the Constraint.

So in a Fever's painful Throws,

The Wretch scarce draws his Breath;

He feign would drink, but Drink, he knows,

Would bring immediate Death.

With

With dying Eyes his Friends he sees

Lamenting by his Side ;

Yet dares not beg the dang'rous Ease,

For fear to be deny'd.

In a worfe Fever, more Distress,

Do I tormented lie ;

Yet dare I not my Pains exprefs,

For who could Ease apply ?

My Friends, perhaps, might with me well,

And each exert his Art :

But who a Remedy can tell

For an Afflicted Heart ?

The dang'rous Symptoms I will give

Of what I now endure ;

Then judge in what a State I live,

How difficult the Cure.

My

My only Musick is my Sighs,

Which constant Concert keep ;

Two Torrents gush from my swoln Eyes,

My Eyes, which know no Sleep.

To all, that once were Friends to Me,

I am a Burden grown ;

I'm Restless when in Company,

Uneasy when alone.

My Cares augment when dusky Night

Puts on her Sable Hue ;

And when the Sun restores his Light,

Still my black Thoughts renew.

And may I, dare I then declare

The Cause of this my Pain ?

And would my IRIS, would my FAIR

Restore my Health again :

One only Med'cine I can see,
That to my Ease can prove;
Let IRIS my Physician be,
The Application, LOVE.



THE
SPORTSMAN.

NO Musick has such tempting Charms,
Or such alluring Sounds,
As when the Huntsman's loud Alarms
Draws on the speedy Hounds.

Let

Let Statesmen plot, and Knaves grow rich,

Let Beaus perfume their Locks ;

Let Us through ev'ry Hedge and Ditch

Pursue the fleeting *Fox*.

The Statesman's Life, continual Fear,

And dismal Care, attends ;

But when his Brains bring Danger near,

His Head must make amends.

The Townsman only, idly dreams,

Who loves at Home to be ;

Forming Imaginary Schemes

Of *Africk*, or *South-Sea*.

The Beau, who cruel *Celia* loves,

All day complaining sits ;

At length, his mighty Passion proves

The Loss of his small Wits.

E

The

The Sportsman lives devoid of Fears,

Careless of *France* or *Spain*;

Nor feeds he on the Orphan's Tears,

Nor does of Love complain.

But rising with the early Morn,

Pursues the nimble Game;

Nor leaves He, till the Winding-Horn

Does Victory proclaim.

Thus gently glides his easy Life,

Unknown to Thoughts of Fear;

Artless in Guile and Courtly Strife,

And ignorant of Care.

Whilst his loud Horn's his only Tune,

To set his Courses right;

And if he kill a *Hare* by Noon,

He'll catch a *Fox* by Night.



THE
PAINTER.

TO try a mighty Painter's Art,
Who boasted to excel,

And beautify each *Nat'ral Part*,

Tho' featur'd ne'er so well :

J O V E bid him draw *BELINDA's Face*,

Her *dear deluding Eyes* ;

Do this, says he, and add *one Grace*,

And you have won the Prize.



THE
SICK WIFE.

I.
OLD *Feeble*, join'd to a young Wife,

(Unmindful of his Head ;)

At Table lov'd her as his Life,

But kept a Sep'rate Bed.

Scarce once a Month the Marriage-Rites,

His Force could let him pay ;

So that she restless pass'd the Nights,

And pensive sat all Day.

II.

When

Wh

To kn

And

For w

For

To liv

Tastel

In sho

She

Her H

And

The C

Lim

Cries,

PU

II.

Where can a *Woman* find that *Bliss*,

Which makes so much ado ;

To *know* what *Matrimony* is,

And yet *not know* it too ?

For where's the Pleasure of this *Life*,

For one that's *Flesh* and *Blood*,

To live a very, very *Wife*,

Tasteless of aught that's good ?

III.

In short, her *Longing* gave her *Fits*,

She groans of *Sides* and *Head* ;

Her *Husband's* *Company* she quits,

And throws herself on *Bed*.

The *Good-Man*, careful for n'own *Dear*,

Limps after to her *Chamber* ;

Cries, *Duck*, *I'm due t'ye in Arrear*,

I'll do't as fine as Amber.

IV.

IV.

But 'faith, my Dear, I'm mighty sorry,

That you're disturb'd in Mind ;

I had the finest *Thingum* for ye——

Another time I'll find.

Nay, stay, cries she, I prithee ; why,

'Tis that's the *Thing* I lack :

Nor was I e'er so *Sick*, but I

Could lie upon my *Back*.



THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

LESBIA had ply'd me with her Lips and Smiles,
Her pretty Courtship, and her Am'rous Wiles ;

Her

Her Breath was sweet ; Tempting her Bower of
Bliss ;

Her Joys uncounterfeit, and not remis :

Her Skin was smooth as calmest Summer's Day,

And warm as are the temp'rate Noons in *May* :

Her Mind was willing, and her Body laid,

The truest Sign to tempt who durst invade.

Would any else have fail'd at such a time ?

I inward flunk, grew pale, and baulk'd the Crime.



T H E H Y P O C R I T E.

TWISTILLA, whose demure and saintish Face
Would make you think her a true Child of Grace,
Has

Has (or she's damnably bely'd) laid down
 With Twelve the brawniefst Chairmen in the
 Town:

Fellows whose Looks their Sinewy Vigour tell ;
 And yet not One can make her Belly swell.
 She's well come off ; for she extremely hates
 Her Belly should confirm what Slander prates,
 At which she's glad ; *Tea-Table Tongues* let
 loose,

Ne'er fail the best Church-Women to abuse.
 Her Daily Prayers no Slander dares traduce,
 But should her Womb once swell——Farewell
 Excuse.





THE
T E A - P O T.

I

WONDER not that I am so nasty,

All you who come into the Room ;

I'll tell you, if you be not hasty,

How Sad and Dismal is my Doom.

II.

By Name of *Tea-Pot* all Men know me,

To any Species unconfin'd ;

For all alike are common to me,

And I, by all, may be defin'd.

F

III.

III.

Whether with strong *Bobea* at Morning,
 My Mistress fills my ample Guts ;
 Or Afternoon,——at usual Warning,
 With *Green* my tasteless Bever gluts.

IV.

At Night besides (so great's her Love)
 To take me down she seldom fails,
 Fumes of Strong-Waters to remove,
 Or drive away Splenetick Ails.

V.

Thus like the Three-form'd Maid DIANA,
 A Tripple Slav'ry I sustain ;
 And though my Suff'rings are so many,
 I dare not of the least complain.

VI.

VI.

Sometimes you'll find me on the Table,

Not to One-Sort alone confin'd ;

But, like th' *Hermaphrodite* i'th' Fable,

Bohea with *Green* unfitly join'd.

VII.

Curst Potter, who, with artful Finger,

Me of such harden'd Mould hast made ;

May'st thou become a Ballad-Singer,

And hardly so, obtain thy Bread.

VIII.

May'st thou, for this thy ill-us'd Cunning,

Be ever wretched, ever poor ;

May'st thou, like me, be ever Running,

And, like me, never find a Cure.



THE
MIDSUMMER-WISH.

—O, qui me gelidis in Vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, & ingenti ramorum protegat Umbra!

I.

W A F T me, some soft and cooling Breeze,
To *Windsor's* shady kind Retreat ;
Where Silvan Scenes, wide-spreading Trees,
Repel the raging Dog-Star's Heat.

II.

Where tufted Grass and mossy Beds,
Afford a Rural calm Repose ;
Where *Woodbines* hang their dewy Heads,
And fragrant Sweets around disclose.

III.

III.

Old ouzy *Tbames*, that flows fast by,
Along the smiling Valley plays;
His glassy Surface chears the Eye,
And through the flow'ry Meadow strays.

IV.

His fertile Banks, with Herbage green,
His Vales with Golden Plenty swell;
Where'er his purer Stream is seen,
The Gods of Health and Pleasure dwell.

V.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding Wave,
With naked Arm once more divide;
In thee my glowing Bosom lave,
And stem thy gently-rolling Tide.

VI.

VI.

Lay me, with *Damask-Roses* crown'd,
 Beneath some *Osier's* dusky Shade ;
 Where *Water-Lillies* paint the Ground,
 And bubbling Springs refresh the Glade.

VII.

Let chaste *Clarinda* too be there,
 With azure Mantle lightly drest ;
 Ye *Nymphs* ! bind up her Silken Hair,
 Ye *Zephyrs* ! fan her panting Breast.

VIII.

O haste away, fair Maid ! and bring
 The *Muse*, the kindly Friend to Love ;
 To Thee alone the *Muse* shall sing,
 And warble thro' the vocal Grove.



FRAGMENT
OF AN

EPISTLE

FROM

ABELARD to ELOISA.

By Mr. BECKINGHAM.

AND does my ELOISA then complain,
That I have made her *Partner* of my Pain?
Upbraid my Love, that has on her reclin'd
The fatal Burden of my anxious Mind?
Which (cruel as it is) herself enjoin'd.

Yourself

Yourself the *Sacred Obligation* laid
 ON ABELARD, and ABELARD obey'd.
 Call you those Lines ungrateful, that relate
 The happy Omens of their Master's Fate?
 Happy indeed! Blest Period of Despair!
 Such as the Wretched rather hope, than fear.

Silence these causeless Grievs, nor let me say
 Thy Soul was *Mine* but for the *happier Day*;
 What! wouldst Thou only *share* the *Hour of Joy*,
 But when the *gath'ring Tempest* threatens, *fly*?
Feast on the *Pleasure*, from the *Care* be free,
 And leave the *Bitter Potion* all to me:
 (Alas! how justly could I censure Thee?)

This is the *mighty Test*, by this We prove
 Th'uncertain Faith of *Friendship*, and of *Love*:

This

This strips the *servile Wretch* of His *Disguise*;
 This shows Us whom to *Shun*, and whom to
Prize.

Cease then thy Murm'rings, and no more repine,
 In Accents, suiting ill a Love like Thine.
 Have ABELARD'S *Misfortunes* reach'd thy Ear?
 Or with *Concern* did ELOISA hear
 My direful Lot of *complicated Woes*,
 From injur'd Heaven, false Friends, and publick
 Foes?

How ev'ry *Hope* but that of *Death* was past,
 And each *precarious Hour* was deem'd my *last*?
 If then you *Griev'd*, that *Grief* was ill employ'd,
 Your Zeal *misplac'd*, and your Affection *void*.
 Mistaken *Love* supply'd the Rage of *Hate*,
 And but prolong'd the Tortures of my Fate.
 You mourn my *wretched State*, yet make it worse,
 Lengthen my *Life*, when *Life's* my only Curse:

Officially you multiply my *Ills*,
 Pity my *Woes*, when e'en that Pity *Kills* :
 Mounting to *Bliss*, you call me back to *Pain*,
 From Views of Heaven's bright Realms to Earth
 again.

Let dastard Souls make *Death* a frightful
 Theme ;

He comes not here to *Ruin*, but *Redeem* ;
 His boasted *Terrors* shake not the *Distrest*,
 Prepar'd to meet him as a *welcome Guest* :
 There Nature's *Foe* becomes the Wretch's *Friend*,
 At once his Hopes, his Fears, his Sorrows end.
 Then if Thou'rt still the same *true Loving Wife*,
 Convince me, with me *a Release from Life*.



THE
VESTAL.

From OVID *de Fastis, Lib.iii. Eleg.i.*

By Mr. ADDISON.

Blanda quies victis furtim subrepat ocellis, &c.

AS the *Fair Vestal* to the Fountain came,
(Let none be startled at a Vestal's Name)
Tir'd with the Walk, she laid her down to Rest,
And to the Winds expos'd her glowing Breast,
To take the Freshness of the Morning-Air,
And gather'd in a Knot her flowing Hair;

While thus she rested, on her Arm reclin'd,
 The hoary Willows waving with the Wind,
 And Feather'd Choirs, that warbled in the Shade,
 And purling Streams, that through the Mea-
 dow stray'd,
 In drowsy Murmurs lull'd the gentle Maid.
 The *God* of *War* beheld the Virgin lie,
 The *God* beheld *Her* with a *Lover's* Eye;
 And by so tempting an Occasion press'd,
 The Beauteous Maid, whom He beheld, possess'd :
 Conceiving as She slept, Her fruitful Womb
 Swell'd with *The Founder of Immortal Rome*.



On th
 in
 A

IS VIN
 Silent a
 Shall he
 Who of
 Shall he
 Find no
 Musick
 Shew a
 My Sou
 And I a



*On the DEATH of Mr. VINER
in Ireland, by the late Mr.
Archdeacon Parnelle.*

IS VINER Dead? and shall each Muse become
Silent as Death, and as his Musick dumb?
Shall he depart without a Poet's Praise,
Who oft to Harmony has tun'd their Lays?
Shall he, who knew the Elegance of Sound,
Find no one Voice to sing him to the Ground?
Musick and Poetry are Sister-Arts,
Shew a like Genius, and consenting Hearts:
My Soul with his is secretly ally'd,
And I am forc'd to speak, since VINER dy'd.

Oh

Oh that my Muse, as once his Notes, could
 swell !

That I might all his Praises fully tell ;

That I might say with how much Skill he play'd,

How nimbly four extended Strings survey'd ;

How Bow and Fingers, with a noble Strife,

Did raise the *Vocal Fiddle* into Life ;

How various Sounds, in various Order rang'd,

By unobserv'd Degrees minutely chang'd ;

Thro' a vast Space could in Divisions run,

Be all distinct, yet all agree in one :

And how the fleeter Notes could swiftly pass,

And skip alternately from Place to Place ;

The Strings could with a sudden Impulse bound,

Speak every Touch, and tremble into Sound.

The liquid Harmony, a tuneful Tide,

Now seem'd to rage, anon wou'd gently glide ;

By

By Turn

Be loud

While a

Wave p

The c

Temper

The So

Would

While c

As tho'

His To

And a

Where

He ma

Cou'd

Then f

Oft l

Alone

By Turns would ebb and flow, would rise and fall,
Be loudly daring, or be softly small :

While all was blended in one common Name,
Wave push'd on Wave, and all compos'd a Stream.

The different Tones melodiously combin'd,
Temper'd with Art, in sweet Confusion join'd ;
The Soft, the Strong, the Clear, the Shrill, the Deep,
Would sometimes soar aloft, and sometimes creep;
While ev'ry Soul upon his Motions hung,
As tho' it were in tuneful Concert strung.
His Touch did strike the Fibres of the Heart,
And a like trembling secretly impart ;
Where various Passions did by Turns succeed,
He made it chearful, and he made it bleed ;
Cou'd wind it up into a glowing Fire,
Then shift the Scene, and teach it to expire.

Oft have I seen him on a Publick Stage,
Alone the gaping Multitude engage ;

The

The Eyes and Ears of each Spectator draw,
 Command their Thoughts, and give their Passions Law;

While other Musick in Oblivion drown'd,
 Seem'd a dead Pulse, or a neglected Sound.

Alas ! he's gone, our Great APOLLO's dead,
 And all that's sweet and tuneful with him fled ;
Hibernia,——with one universal Cry,
 Laments its Loss, and speaks his Elegy.
 Farewell, thou Author of refin'd Delight,
 Too little known, too soon remov'd from Sight ;
 Those Fingers, which such Pleasure did convey,
 Must now become to stupid Worms a Prey :
 Thy grateful *Fiddle* will for ever stand
 A silent Mourner for its Master's Hand :
 Thy Art is only to be match'd Above,
 Where Musick reigns, and in that Musick Love
 Where Thou wilt in the happy Chorus join,
 And quickly Thy melodious Soul refine
 To the exalted Pitch of *Harmony-Divine*.

F I N I S.